# The Unwilling Deflowering

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/37548451.

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| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warnings: | Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con |
| Categories: | M/M, Other |
| Fandoms: | Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types |
| Relationships: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Will Graham's Dogs, Will Graham's Father |
| Additional Tags: | Rape, Medical Examination, Assault, Rape Kit, Recovery, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Angst, I'll add more soon - Freeform, Domestic Violence, Domestic Boyfriends, Drugs, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Eating Disorders, feeding tube, Force-Feeding, Animal Abuse, Near Death Experiences, Human Experimentation, Surgery, Medical Trauma, Self-Harm, Blood and Injury, Mild Gore |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2022-03-06 Updated: 2023-08-28 Words: 2,461 Chapters: 4/67 |

# The Unwilling Deflowering

by Ohanji

Summary

Will was supposed to be dead, or at least to die today. Dr. lecter is faced between two choices: save himself or save the one he genuinely loves. lecter is put to the test while sitting on the snowy slopes of the west. he never imagined things would become this ugly. He didn't anticipate Will Graham to end up half dead and naked in front of the rocky stairs of Wolf trap, Virginia, after successfully framing him for the murder of the Chesapeake ripper.

Will the truth be revealed, or will lecter plot and attempt to murder Will grapghm?

English is not my first language, this is heavily based on a fanfic that I read years ago (2014) but was deleted.
Please read the tags before proceeding; this story is not for the faint of heart. Death of an important character, but who? Time will only tell.

# overview

Disclaimer: this fanfic heavenly involves the act of rape, sexual abuse, drug abuse and domestic abuse. Please do not read if you are sensitive to such topics, or can be triggered.

Currently translating in English, please correct me on any grammatical errors and such.

thank you- Ohan

# Unforeseen Reunion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the midst of the opulence and luxury that enveloped Hannibal's dwelling, he emerged into the brisk air, the very essence of winter swishing around him as he transitioned from the warmth within to the leather-clad comfort of his 2003 Bentley Arnage T. With an almost melodic creak, he lowered himself onto the plush seats, the keys finding their place in the ignition. Patience was his companion as he awaited the car's gentle hum, the promise of warmth, before embarking on the long, contemplative journey ahead – a journey that would lead him to the distant realm of Wolf Trap, Virginia.

A touch of frustration manifested as he adjusted his suit cuff, a mere gesture that belied the thoughts racing through his mind. With a discreet glance at his watch, he acknowledged the solemn truth that today was the day – the day when the man he both condemned and cherished, Will Graham, was to face execution. The dichotomy of emotions within him stirred, and he couldn't help but wonder if his actions had led them both astray. The bridge of his nose felt the gentle press of his fingers, a soothing gesture to quiet his internal turmoil, a reminder that his choices were, in his perception, made for a higher purpose.

Time unfurled itself as Hannibal navigated the roads towards Wolf Trap. The journey was not a dreaded ordeal, but rather a poignant reminder that this was the last day, the final chapter, where the tapestry of their lives would part ways. He felt the tension gripping him, his fingers instinctively seeking solace by gripping the bridge of his nose once more. The roads, unattended due to the remoteness of the location, glistened with the icy touch of winter. The wheels of his vehicle spoke of their progress with each creak over the freshly fallen snow.

As he approached the visage of Will's dwelling, a sense of familiarity and melancholy washed over him. An inkling of something caught his attention, a mere movement on the dingy wooden deck stairs. It remained elusive, a mystery just beyond the edge of his perception. With deliberate precision, he parked his car, his lengthy strides carrying him towards the house that held echoes of memories both fond and haunting.

The fringes of his vision caught a flicker, something that danced at the corner of his eyes. Drawing his gaze, he focused intently, the image crystallizing through a curtain of dark hair. Recognition struck him like a chord, a face from his past etched into his consciousness. Hannibal's voice, usually a bastion of composure, quivered with anticipation.

"Will?" The whispered word hung on the air, an offering to the enigma before him. Amplifying his query, he called out louder, his voice carrying the weight of urgency. A sound, a faint moan, escaped from the figure that had captured his attention. The shift in balance was subtle but present as Hannibal took a step back, his feet nearly betraying him.

"Will? Can you hear me, Will?" The questions tumbled out, a blend of concern and disbelief. In a departure from his customary poise, Hannibal cautiously approached the fallen form, his gaze drawn away from the vulnerable sight of Will's unclothed body, focusing instead on the

face that held a wealth of history. Cautiously lowering himself, he knelt beside him, a tension residing in the depths of his every movement.

The wooden fibers of the deck clung to Will's curly hair, a testament to his exposed vulnerability. With a delicate touch, Hannibal lifted his hand, his fingers extending towards Will's head, offering support as he sought to rouse him. A gentle slap to the flushed cheek marked his efforts, an attempt to summon consciousness from its depths. Yet, Will's blue eyes remained closed, veiled behind their lids.

Frustration mingled with concern, a blend of emotions that spurred Hannibal into action. Retrieving his phone with a sense of urgency, he dialed Jack Crawford's number, each ring a reverberation of his impatience. As the call connected, a stillness descended, the world holding its breath in those moments.

"Why are you calling at this hour?" Jack's voice held traces of irritation, but Hannibal's urgency allowed no room for pleasantries. "It's Lecter, Jack. I'm at Will's residence, and I believe he's been attacked. He's on the brink of hypothermia. I assumed he was in Baltimore, but he's here, and I need your assistance."

As the conversation concluded, Hannibal's focus returned to the figure beside him. The weight of uncertainty loomed, a reminder of how fragile life could be. With gentle determination, he cradled Will's body, his fingers brushing against the remnants of the wooden fibers. He then maneuvered him towards the Bentley, each step measured and deliberate.

With an air of careful consideration, Hannibal retrieved his coat, draping it over Will's form. A silent hope lingered – that the warmth emanating from the fabric might offer some semblance of comfort. Thoughts swirled within him, a whirlwind of questions and introspections. Will was never meant to be here, free from shackles and false accusations. The puzzle of this moment perplexed him, even as the scent of Will's familiar aftershave wafted to his senses.

He had arrived at Will's dwelling with the intention of retrieving a fishing lure, a token of remembrance. The reality before him was a divergence from his expectations, a twist of fate that demanded his attention. As the chapters of their intertwined lives unfolded in this unexpected manner, Hannibal could only brace himself for the revelations that lay ahead.

Chapter End Notes

> Greetings to all those who have been patiently awaiting an update. I apologize for my absence, as I have been dealing with health challenges – specifically cancer. This unfortunate circumstance has kept me from posting. However, I am currently in hospice care and have decided to resume posting chapters. It wouldn't be fair to those who have been following my work. In this post, you'll find a reworked version of what used to be chapters 1 and 2. I apologize for any inconvenience, and I hope you enjoy the content.

Feel free to share any advice or thoughts you may have. Thank you for your understanding.

# Resurgence of Bonds

With a blend of urgency and delicate precision, Hannibal swiftly maneuvered Will's frail form into the shelter of the house that had once been his refuge. The weight of his thoughts was momentarily set aside, replaced by the immediacy of the situation. His movements, so often calculated and deliberate, now bore the essence of a caretaker, guiding Will's unconscious body with a gentleness that contradicted his usual demeanor.

As the threshold was crossed, a profound sense of nostalgia washed over him. The walls whispered echoes of memories, some sweet and others laced with the bitterness of their intertwined fates. Casting a fleeting glance around the familiar space, Hannibal's observant eye did not miss the signs of change. The room seemed different, a testament to the passage of time and the evolution that had taken place during their separation.

Yet, his attention was quickly drawn back to the figure in his arms. The sight before him was both reassuring and unsettling. His gaze lingered on Will's form, recognizing that there was an unmistakable difference from the last time they had been in such close proximity. A pang of concern coursed through him as he noticed the subtle changes – the way Will's clothes hung a bit looser, the hollows of his cheeks more pronounced, the fragility that seemed to emanate from every inch of his being.

Hannibal's mind, a labyrinth of intricate thoughts and emotions, embarked on an introspective journey. He couldn't help but wonder about the trials Will had endured during their time apart. The weight of their shared history, the complexities of their bond, and the intricate dance of trust and betrayal all resided within him as he beheld the man before him.

With an air of reverence, he took in the sight of Will's features – the way his features were drawn in an almost peaceful slumber, as if the chaos of their intertwined lives had momentarily ebbed away. It was a rare glimpse of vulnerability that Hannibal knew was reserved only for him, a silent testament to the depth of their connection.

As his fingers gently brushed against Will's brow, Hannibal couldn't help but reflect on the intricacies of fate. The twists and turns that had brought them to this juncture were nothing short of enigmatic. Had their lives unfolded differently, this moment might never have come to pass. The profound sense of duality that characterized their relationship played out before him once more – the love and the darkness, the protector and the predator, the mentor and the muse.

With a quiet sigh, he withdrew his hand, the weight of the situation settling upon him once more. The decision to bring Will here, to this space where their lives had intersected and diverged, was a momentous one. The implications of his actions reverberated within him, each choice and movement a testament to his desire to protect what was left of the fragile connection between them.

Hannibal's gaze lingered on Will's form, his thoughts a complex tapestry of emotions and calculations. The inevitability of their reunion, the twists of fate that had led them here, and

the uncertain path that lay ahead all swirled within his mind. His role, his motivations, and the intricate dance of morality and desire were threads intricately woven together.

As the silence of the room enveloped them, Hannibal found himself at a crossroads – a pivotal moment that could alter the course of their destinies once more. With an air of both trepidation and resolve, he knew that the chapters that lay ahead would be as enigmatic as those that had come before. The echoes of their past would continue to resonate, a symphony of darkness and light that defied simple categorization.

Gently, Hannibal lowered himself into a nearby chair, his gaze never leaving Will's form. The weight of their shared history, the unspoken words, and the complexities of their emotions hung in the air. The journey ahead was uncertain, fraught with challenges and revelations. And as the minutes stretched into hours, Hannibal knew that he was inextricably tied to the enigma that was Will Graham – a puzzle he was willing to unravel, no matter the cost.

# The Truth?

Amidst the quietude of his contemplative thoughts, a soft, persistent chime resonated, abruptly pulling Hannibal's attention away from the labyrinth of his mind. The sound emanated from his phone, a beacon of intrusion into the inner sanctum of his solitude. With measured poise, he reached for the device, a silent acknowledgment of the unpredictable nature of life's interruptions.

As his gaze settled on the illuminated screen, he recognized the incoming call as originating from Jack Crawford. An involuntary flicker of anticipation mixed with trepidation coursed through him. With a deliberate touch, he accepted the call, the interface of technology serving as a portal to the world beyond his immediate surroundings.

"Hello, Jack," Hannibal's voice, composed yet tinged with a subtle undertone of curiosity, carried his salutation across the digital divide. His hope, however faint, was that Jack would provide a shred of information that would shed light on the enigma that had occupied his thoughts.

The brief pause that followed felt like an eternity, the silence heavy with the weight of unspoken truths. Hannibal's acute awareness was met with an exhalation, a sigh that reverberated through the invisible threads connecting them. It was a sigh laden with the weight of words that refused to remain unspoken.

In the seconds that expanded into eternity, Hannibal's thoughts became a whirlwind, a tempest of uncertainty and anticipation. The unspoken words, the knowledge that lay beneath the surface, began to tease the corners of his consciousness. His mind, ever analytical, ventured into the realm of possibilities, each scenario more intricate and unsettling than the last.

The moment of truth was inevitable, and as the silence continued, Jack's voice emerged, breaking through the stillness like a stone shattering glass. His words, each syllable laden with gravity, struck Hannibal like a blow to the chest. "Will never made it," Jack's voice, tinged with a weariness that resonated with the toll of their shared endeavors, bore the weight of revelation.

The world seemed to still as the implications of those words unfurled within Hannibal's mind. Will's absence, his inexplicable disappearance, hung in the air like a specter, a puzzle piece that refused to fit into the grand design. The fragments of the narrative were slowly being pieced together, revealing a truth that was both chilling and perplexing.

As Jack's words continued to weave their web, Hannibal's mind embarked on a journey of comprehension. Will, the enigmatic figure who had defied categorization, had been intercepted by an unknown force. The magnitude of the revelation was not lost on Hannibal; it was a revelation that redefined the scope of their reality.

The complexities of their shared history, the dance of trust and betrayal that had become their defining rhythm, all converged in this moment of revelation. Will's fate, once shrouded in

mystery, had now been unveiled, and the implications rippled through Hannibal's thoughts like a stone cast into a tranquil pond.

Hannibal's emotions, typically shrouded by a veneer of calm, danced on the edge of his composure. A potent mixture of concern, frustration, and determination surged within him. The uncertainty of the situation, the lack of control over external forces, tugged at the fringes of his psyche, threatening to unravel the meticulously crafted facade.

With a steadying breath, Hannibal absorbed the weight of the truth that had been laid bare. Will's absence, the unknown adversary who had orchestrated his disappearance, and the tendrils of darkness that seemed to entwine them once more – all of these elements converged in a symphony of complexity.

Jack's voice, a lifeline in this sea of uncertainty, continued to provide insights. The search for Will, the efforts to unearth the enigma that had become entangled with their lives, was an endeavor that burned with urgency. Hannibal's mind, ever a cauldron of calculation, weighed the possibilities and consequences of their next steps.

As the call neared its conclusion, Hannibal found himself at a crossroads. The truths revealed were a double-edged sword, cutting through the fabric of his understanding while offering glimpses of the path that lay ahead. The shadows of uncertainty were deep, but so too were the sparks of resolve that flickered within him.

The phone call concluded, leaving Hannibal with a blend of emotions that defied simple description. The room around him seemed to shift, an extension of the turbulence within his mind. The journey that had begun with a ringing phone was now a winding path fraught with challenges and revelations.

With a determined gaze fixed on the horizon, Hannibal's thoughts began to crystallize into action. The complexities of their reality demanded his attention, and the interplay of shadows and light, loyalty and betrayal, would continue to weave the tapestry of their lives. In the face of uncertainty, Hannibal was resolute – his pursuit of truth and resolution unyielding, even as the shadows threatened to obscure the path ahead.

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